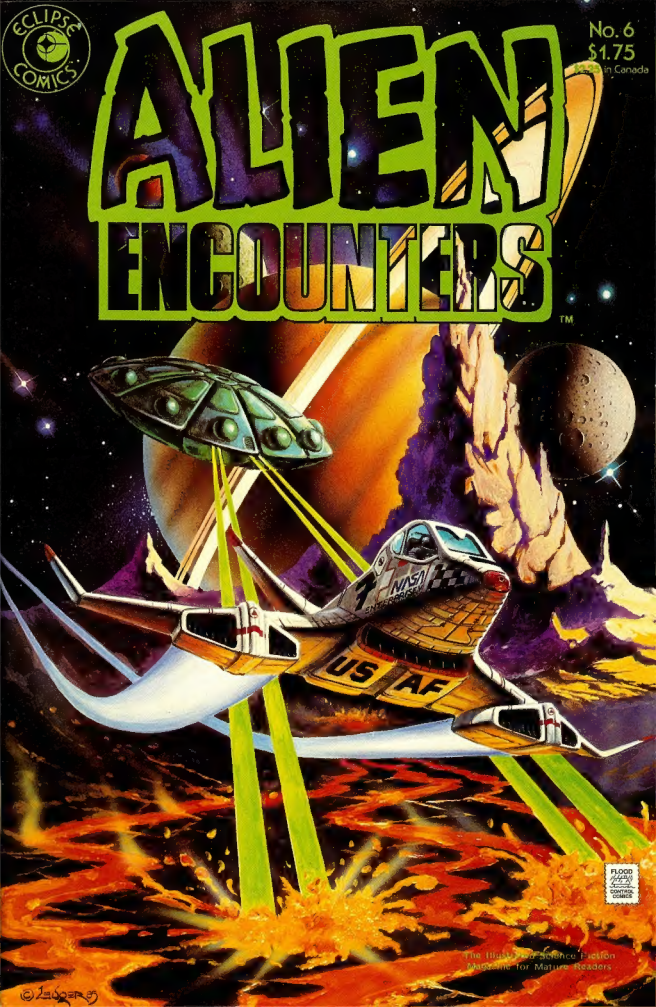
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No. 6
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The PARTIAL ECLIPSE

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This isn't cat yronwode; this is Mark Evanier . . . with capital letters, even! Just what I'm doing on this page—traditionally the home of cat's much-read "Penumbra" column—is a sad tale, of which you may already have heard plenty. But just in case you haven't . . .

The offices of Eclipse Comics—and the homes of those who are Eclipse Comics—are located in Guerneville, California, a small community located a hoot and a holler North of San Francisco. As I write this, the city is pert near underwater. The worst storms to hit California in three decades have battered Northern California. I am sitting now, watching Dan Rather narrate flood footage. He's showing what appears to be a muddy brown lake, and it's a shocker to look closer, see TV antennas protruding from said lake . . . and to realize that someone's home (and probably everything they own) is beneath. That's what it's like up in Guerneville. On another channel, I just heard someone from the National Weather Service say, "We measured twenty-two inches of rain in the last week . . . and then our rain gauge broke." Rivers are checking in at three and five feet over their normal levels.

It is, in short, a disaster area.

All day long—yesterday, today, and much of tomorrow, no doubt—the calls are coming in to me. I was interrupted *twice* while typing the above. Everyone wants to know, "How are cat and Dean and Sean?" The concern is incredible. Name anyone of any import in the comic book field . . . and I don't just mean those who've been published by Eclipse. I mean *Anyone*—and the odds are that person has called, concerned. "Rival" publishers have called to offer help.

The happy answer is that cat and Dean and Sean are alive and well. The unhappy answer is that almost all of their personal belongings are at the bottom of one of those brown lakes. Yesterday, as I write this, the National Guard airlifted them all out—taking only the drenched clothing they were wearing—to a motel some miles away where, even as I type this, they are waiting out the rain. Then they will trudge back to what's left of Guerneville and see what can be salvaged of their homes and offices.

This I've got to tell you: When they were coptered out, all of them had been up for several days, battling the rising waters. There are probably more horrifying, depressing experiences than this, but I'll be damned if I can name one at this moment. And when they reached the motel, the first thing Cat did was to phone me and see if I could help get some of their books to press on time.

I don't know about you, but if it happened to me—if I'd watched everything I owned submerge in H_2O, and then been evacuated from my home—getting comic books to press would not be the first thing on my mind. Printing schedules could wait a helluva long time. But that's the kind of devotion to duty Eclipse has demonstrated. When I spoke to cat later, she was still worrying about books getting out, artists getting paid . . .

Now, by the time you read all this, it will gloriously be Ancient History. Cat and Dean and Sean will be back home, the flood waters will be gone, and Eclipse Comics will be functioning again. But the incident will not be without its lasting effects.

As yet, as I write this page (to take one minor duty off the list of hundreds that they have to handle), we have no real estimate of damage, but it appears a certainty that all (repeat: *ALL*) Eclipse back issues are lost in the flood. That means that the Back Issues ad, even if it appears in this very comic, is null and void. If you have ordered from earlier ads, you'll be receiving a refund as promptly as possible. It also means that back issues of everything published by Eclipse before this month will be considerably rarer.

Undoubtedly, a few Eclipse publications will be delayed. Just which issues, we can't say . . . and the delays should be brief. But if all of the above has made you feel like you want to do something to help, Being Patient is a good start.

Another thing you can do is to be on the lookout for a new comic that will be forthcoming under the Eclipse logo sometime in the next few months. You see, when all those talented, fine folks called—after I'd reassured them that yronwode and Mullaney were alive—almost every writer or artist said, "We've got to do something real special for them!" By this, they meant that the nicest thing you can do for Publishers is to give them something wonderful to publish.

So . . . we are putting together the greatest comic book you've ever seen—featuring work by the Absolute Best in this business. You'll hear more about it as its time draws nearer. This is all kind of new to us, you understand.

That, basically, is all I can tell you except to add this: If a flood of this magnitude hasn't done in Eclipse Comics, I doubt much of anything can. The outpouring of concern from within the professional community has been outstanding, and Eclipse's own persistence amazing. May you—and they—never experience anything like it in the future.

—M.E.

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS no. 6, April 1986. Published by Eclipse Comics, P.O. Box 199, Guerneville, CA 95446. Catherine Yronwode, Editor. Dean Mullaney, Publisher. Sean Deming, Assistant Editor
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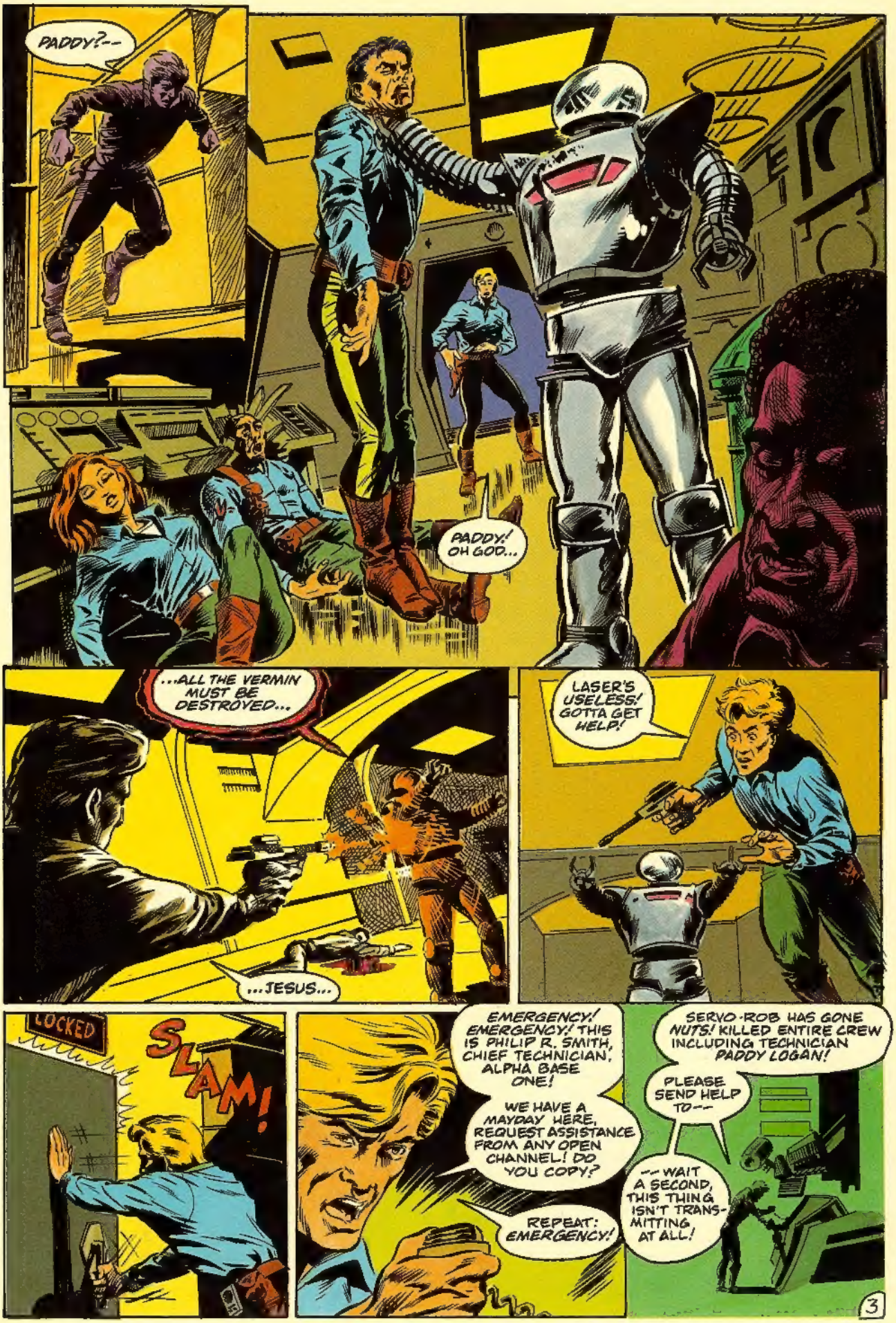
STANDARD PROCEDURE
—AND THEN THERE WAS THAT BIG GRIZZLY UP IN WYOMING, I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THAT, SMITHY?
YEAH, ABOUT FIFTY TIMES!
BIG MOTHER! UNSTOPPABLE! HIM AND ME RAN A WAR IN AND OUT OF THEM BACKWOOD PINES THAT LASTED ALL SUMMER!
YOU EVER HAD TWO TONS OF CLAW AND HATE AND SINGLE-MINDED DETER-MINATION CHASIN' AFTER YOU, SMITHY?
Story BRUCE JONES Art & Lettering LEE WEEKS
I REALLY MISS EARTH, SOMETIMES, GREAT HUNTING AREAS.'
I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME THAT MOUNTAIN LION HAD ME CORNERED AT THE EDGE OF A BLUFF? GOT TO USE YOUR BRAINS IN SITUATIONS LIKE THAT, SMITHY. GOT TO USE YOUR BRAINS.'
I'LL REMEMBER THAT, DADDY.
YESSIR, A MAN WITH HIS WITS ABOUT HIM CAN OUTSMART NEAR ANYTHIN' IN THE UNIVERSE, YA JUST GOTTA USE YER BEAN!
HALSEY! WENTWORTH! YOUR CHIEF TECHNICIANS ARE HERE! WARM UP THE GIRLS AND DRY OUT THE MARTINIS!

SOME RECEPTION! LOOK AT THIS: FEDERATION PRINT PASS! WHO DO THEY THINK'S GOING TO ROB THE PLACE WAY OUT HERE?
PRINT ID
STANDARD PROCEDURE, LADDIE!
philip smith
053-H299
chief tech. off.
EARTH
rance granted
HALSEY? WENTWORTH?
...S'FUNNY... WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
THIS IS WEIRD... ...LOOKS EMPTY!
YOU TAKE THE EAST WING, I'LL TRY THE SOUTH.
WENTWORTH?... PETERSON?...
TRANSMITTER'S OPEN...STRANGE..
...SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THE INSTRUMENTS, ALL THE DIALS ARE SPINNING...
YAGGGHHH
2


PADDY?--
PADDY! OH GOD...
...ALL THE VERMIN MUST BE DESTROYED...
...JESUS...
LASER'S USELESS! GOTTA GET HELP!
LOCKED
SLAM!
EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! THIS IS PHILIP R. SMITH, CHIEF TECHNICIAN, ALPHA BASE ONE!
WE HAVE A MAYDAY HERE, REQUEST ASSISTANCE FROM ANY OPEN CHANNEL! DO YOU COPY?
REPEAT: EMERGENCY!
SERVO-ROB HAS GONE NUTS! KILLED ENTIRE CREW INCLUDING TECHNICIAN PADDY LOGAN!
PLEASE SEND HELP TO--
--WAIT A SECOND, THIS THING ISN'T TRANSMITTING AT ALL!
3

LOCKED
KA-RUNNCH!
...ALL THE VERMIN MUST BE DESTROYED!
CRASH!
THE SUPPLY ANNEX!
CRR-UM MMMBLE
DAMN! WON'T START! NOTHING WORKS AROUND THIS PLACE!
r-r-r-r
4

OKAY, PAL-- LET'S SEE HOW YOU STAND UP AGAINST THIS!
WHAK
... ALL THE VERMIN MUST BE DESTROYED...
DAMN!
HE MAY BE (gasp!) IMPERVIOUS BUT HE'S (gasp!) FAIRLY SLOW...
...I CAN REACH THE SHIP WITH A LITTLE (gasp!) LUCK!
SAME THING! CONTROLS DON'T RESPOND!
HALF THE GAUGES WON'T LIGHT-UP!
WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPENING AROUND HERE?
KA-RUNNNCH!
5

...ALL THE VERMIN MUST BE DESTROYED...
KA-ROOM
PHILIP R. SMITH, ALPHA ONE, DO YOU COPY! DOES ANYBODY COPY?
...ALL THE VERMIN MUST BE DESTROYED...
...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO STOP! I'M A DEAD MAN!
FEDERATION BASE R, SMITH, WE COPY. WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?
THANK GOD! I REQUIRE IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE! OUR SERVO-ROB HAS BLOWN A FUSE, KILLED EVERYONE! SEND HELP, REPEAT: SEND I'ELP!
YOU'RE SIX HOURS AWAY FROM THE NEAREST STATION, SMITH. WE'VE PUT IN A CALL FOR YOU AND THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY. CAN YOU HOLD OUT?
SIX HOURS!
WE'RE TRACING THE SERIAL NUMBER ON YOUR SERVO-ROB, SMITH; WE'LL TRY TO GET YOU THE INFO ON HOW TO SWITCH IT OFF!
...GREAT...
6

...A CLIFF WALL, I'M TRAPPED!
WOLVERINE TRAPPED ME AGAIN' A CLIFF IN COLORADO ONCE--WARN'T NOTHIN TO DO BUT SCALE IT!
EASY FOR YOU, PADDY, YOU'RE A MOUNTAIN MAN.
LET'S SEE YOU (gasp!) CLIMB THIS, TIN MAN!
CLINK!
OH GOD, NO...
"CHRIST, TELL ME SOMETHING I DON'T ALREADY KNOW!"
FEDERATION BASE, ANY LUCK YET?
WE'VE TRACED YOUR ROBOT--GOOD NEWS! IT'S A SLOW MOVER, YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO STAY AHEAD OF IT FOR AWHILE!
THE BAD NEWS IS THAT IT'S VIRTUALLY INDESTRUCTABLE--DESIGNED THAT WAY TO SERVE IN INCLEMENT CONDITIONS...
...ALSO, THERE'S NO WAY TO SWITCH IT OFF WITHOUT THE PROPER CODED DEVICE.
SORRY...
7

YOU'VE GOT TO STAY AHEAD OF IT UNTIL OUR CREW CAN GET THERE!
YOUR MISTAKE WAS IN TOUCHING THE CODE-IN I.D. PANEL AT THE FRONT DOOR... YOU FED YOUR PRESENCE INTO THE ROBOT'S COMPUTER WHEN YOU DID THAT!
MY MISTAKE WAS COMING HERE (nghh!) IN THE FIRST PLACE!
NORMALLY THE ROBOT WOULD ACT AS SERVANT TO ANYONE CODED-IN AT THE FRONT DOOR...
...INSTEAD HE'S MALFUNCTIONED AND IS KILLING ANYONE WHO TOUCHES THAT I.D. PANEL.
I CAN'T DO THAT, DAMMIT! I'M NOT SUPER HUMAN!
THERE MUST BE ANOTHER WAY!
...nnnggghhhh!
RUUU MMMBLE
KRUNCH!
...ALL VERMIN MUST BE DESTROYED...
WHAT WAS THAT?
I JUST SLOWED IT DOWN FOR A MINUTE IS ALL.
LISTEN. NONE OF THE ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT WORKS AROUND HERE, CAN YOU EXPLAIN THAT?
WHEN THE ROBOT MALFUNCTIONED, ITS UNIT PROBABLY JAMMED ALL CIRCUITS IN THE AREA...
CLINK!
WHAT ABOUT MY BELT PHONE?

ALL EMERGENCY FEDERATION EQUIPMENT OPERATES ON A "Y" CIRCUIT, INCLUDING CODE-IN PANELS AND BELT PHONES. IT'S STANDARD PROCEDURE. YOU SHOULD HAVE SWITCHED TO THE "Y" CHANNEL ON THE COMPOUND CONSOLE.
NOW YOU TELL ME!..
A MAN WITH HIS WITS ABOUT HIM CAN OUT-SMART NEAR ANYTHIN' IN THE UNI-VERSE!
USE YER BEAN, LADDY!
LISTEN, DOES THE ROBOT HAVE TO CODE-IN AT THE FRONT DOOR IN ORDER TO GET IN-SIDE, JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE?
SURE, STANDARD PROCEDURE. WHY?
AND DOES THE ROBOT HAVE ITS OWN PERSONAL PRINT CODE?
YES, WHY DO YOU ASK? SMITH? SMITH!? ARE YOU THERE?
CAN'T (gasp!) EXPLAIN NOW! TALK TO YOU LATER!
... GOT TO STAND PERFECTLY STILL... CAN'T MOVE UNTIL THE LAST SECOND.
... GOT TO MAKE SURE IT DOESN'T SIMPLY CRASH THROUGH THE BUILD-ING WALL LIKE IT DID BEFORE...

NOW!
...ALL VERMIN MUST BE (click!) DESTROYED...
UNIT MALFUNCTION
... MUST BE (click!) DESTROYED
...(buzzz zzzz) ALL VERMIN...
DESTROY... DESTROY... DESTROY...
KA-ROOOM!
NICE WORK, SMITH--ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS GET THE ROBOT TO TOUCH THE PRINT CODE I.D. PANEL ON THE DOOR AND ITS COMPUTER TOLD IT TO DESTROY ITSELF...JUST LIKE THE OTHER "VERMIN."
DOES C-SECTION TRAIN ALL YOU GUYS TO BE THAT BRILLIANT?
SURE... STANDARD PROCEDURE!

THEY'RE COOL. THEY'RE HIP. AND THEY'RE HAMSTERS.

THE ADOLESCENT RADIOACTIVE BLACK BELT HAMSTERS

BY CHIN AND PARSONAVICH DISTRIBUTED BY ECLIPSE

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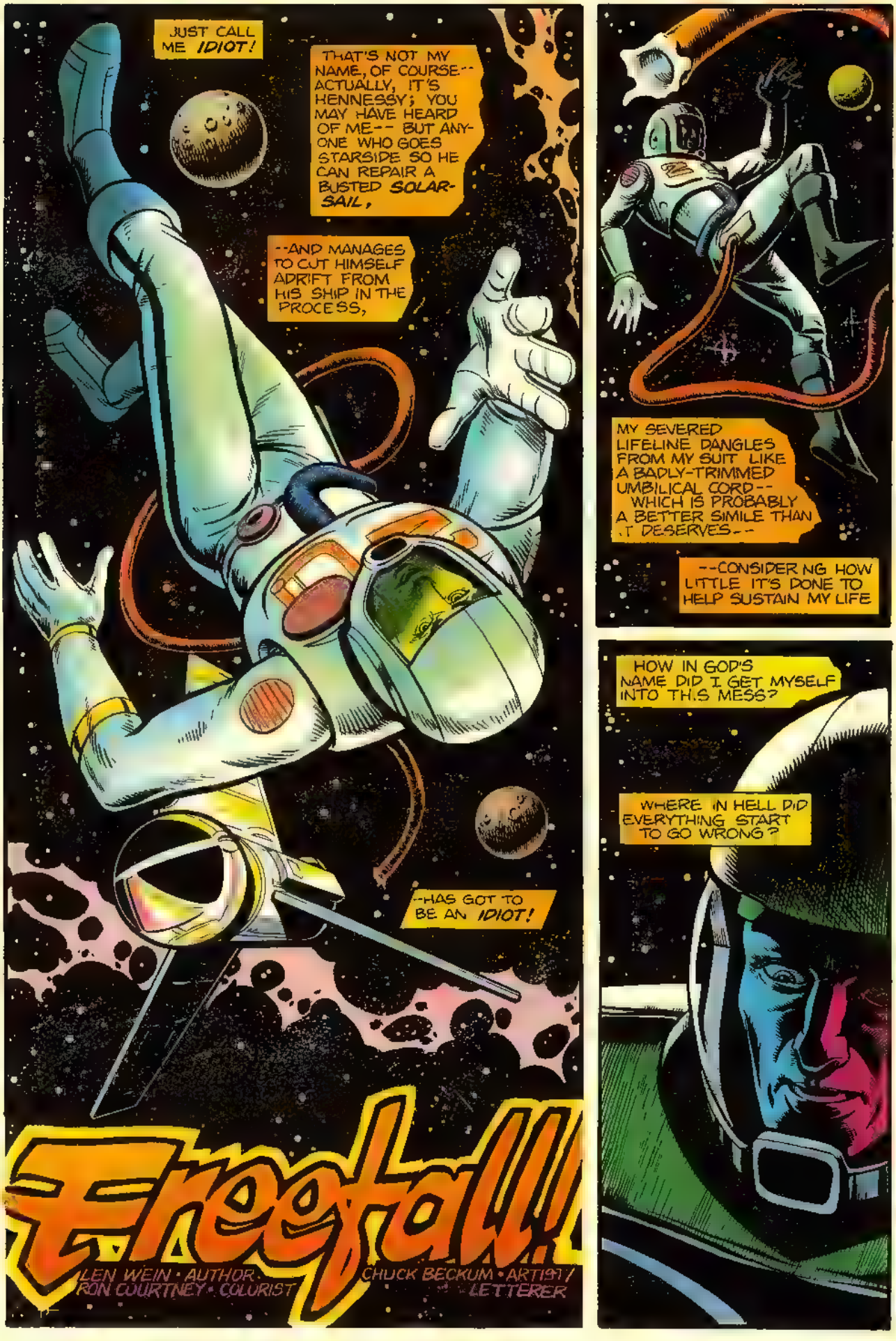
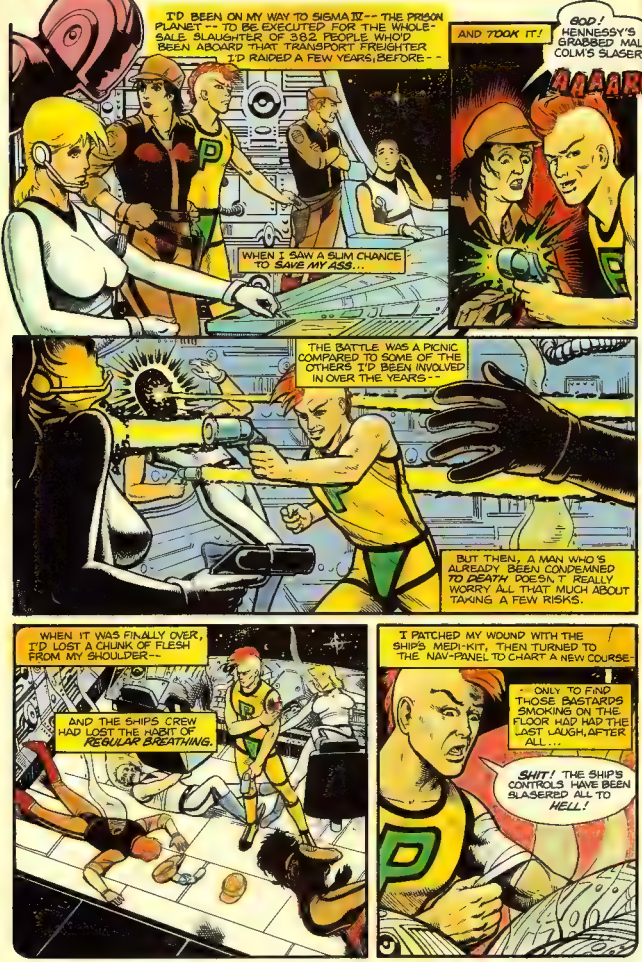
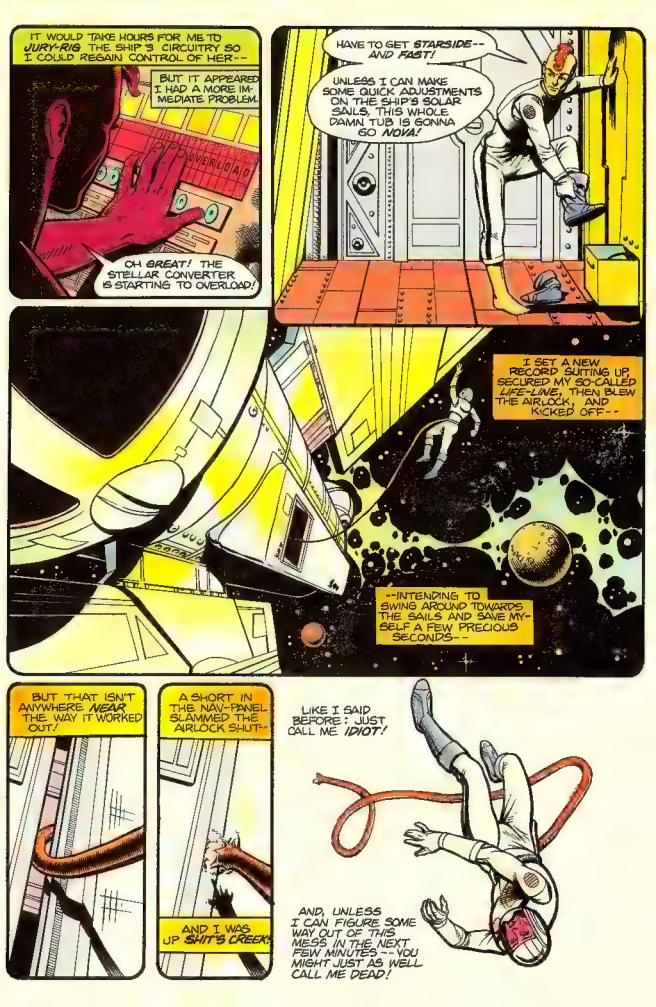

JUST CALL ME IDIOT!
THAT'S NOT MY NAME, OF COURSE-- ACTUALLY, IT'S HENNESSY; YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF ME-- BUT ANYONE WHO GOES STARSIDE SO HE CAN REPAIR A BUSTED SOLAR-SAIL,
--AND MANAGES TO CUT HIMSELF ADRIFT FROM HIS SHIP IN THE PROCESS,
--HAS GOT TO BE AN IDIOT!
MY SEVERED LIFELINE DANGLES FROM MY SUIT LIKE A BADLY-TRIMMED UMBILICAL CORD-- WHICH IS PROBABLY A BETTER SIMILE THAN IT DESERVES--
--CONSIDERING HOW LITTLE IT'S DONE TO HELP SUSTAIN MY LIFE
HOW IN GOD'S NAME DID I GET MYSELF INTO THIS MESS?
WHERE IN HELL DID EVERYTHING START TO GO WRONG?
Freefall!
LEN WEIN • AUTHOR
RON COURTNEY • COLORIST
CHUCK BECKUM • ARTIST / LETTERER


I'D BEEN ON MY WAY TO SIGMA IV -- THE PRISON PLANET -- TO BE EXECUTED FOR THE WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF 382 PEOPLE WHO'D BEEN ABOARD THAT TRANSPORT FREIGHTER I'D RAIDED A FEW YEARS BEFORE--
WHEN I SAW A SLIM CHANCE TO SAVE MY ASS...
AND TOOK IT!
GOD! HENNESSY'S GRABBED MALCOLM'S SLASER-
AAAAR
THE BATTLE WAS A PICNIC COMPARED TO SOME OF THE OTHERS I'D BEEN INVOLVED IN OVER THE YEARS--
BUT THEN, A MAN WHO'S ALREADY BEEN CONDEMNED TO DEATH DOESN'T REALLY WORRY ALL THAT MUCH ABOUT TAKING A FEW RISKS.
WHEN IT WAS FINALLY OVER, I'D LOST A CHUNK OF FLESH FROM MY SHOULDER--
AND THE SHIPS CREW HAD LOST THE HABIT OF REGULAR BREATHING.
I PATCHED MY WOUND WITH THE SHIP'S MEDI-KIT, THEN TURNED TO THE NAV-PANEL TO CHART A NEW COURSE-
- ONLY TO FIND THOSE BASTARDS SMOKING ON THE FLOOR HAD HAD THE LAST LAUGH, AFTER ALL...
SHIT! THE SHIP'S CONTROLS HAVE BEEN SLASERED ALL TO HELL!


IT WOULD TAKE HOURS FOR ME TO JURY-RIG THE SHIP'S CIRCUITRY SO I COULD REGAIN CONTROL OF HER--
BUT IT APPEARED I HAD A MORE IMMEDIATE PROBLEM.
OVERLOAD
OH GREAT! THE STELLAR CONVERTER IS STARTING TO OVERLOAD!
HAVE TO GET STARSIDE-- AND FAST!
UNLESS I CAN MAKE SOME QUICK ADJUSTMENTS ON THE SHIP'S SOLAR SAILS, THIS WHOLE DAMN TUB IS GONNA GO NOVA!
I SET A NEW RECORD SUITING UP, SECURED MY SO-CALLED LIFE-LINE, THEN BLEW THE AIRLOCK, AND KICKED OFF--
--INTENDING TO SWING AROUND TOWARDS THE SAILS AND SAVE MYSELF A FEW PRECIOUS SECONDS--
BUT THAT ISN'T ANYWHERE NEAR THE WAY IT WORKED OUT!
A SHORT IN THE NAV-PANEL SLAMMED THE AIRLOCK SHUT--
AND I WAS UP SHIT'S CREEK!
LIKE I SAID BEFORE: JUST CALL ME IDIOT!
AND, UNLESS I CAN FIGURE SOME WAY OUT OF THIS MESS IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES - YOU MIGHT JUST AS WELL CALL ME DEAD!

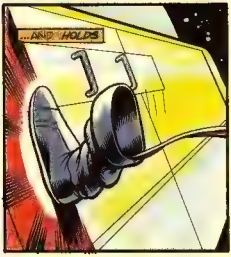
GUESS IT SERVES ME RIGHT-- TRYING TO TAKE SHORT-CUTS I SHOULD HAVE JUST WALKED ACROSS THE SHIP'S OUTER HULL WITH MY...
...magnetic boots!?
CHRIST, HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO *STUPID?*

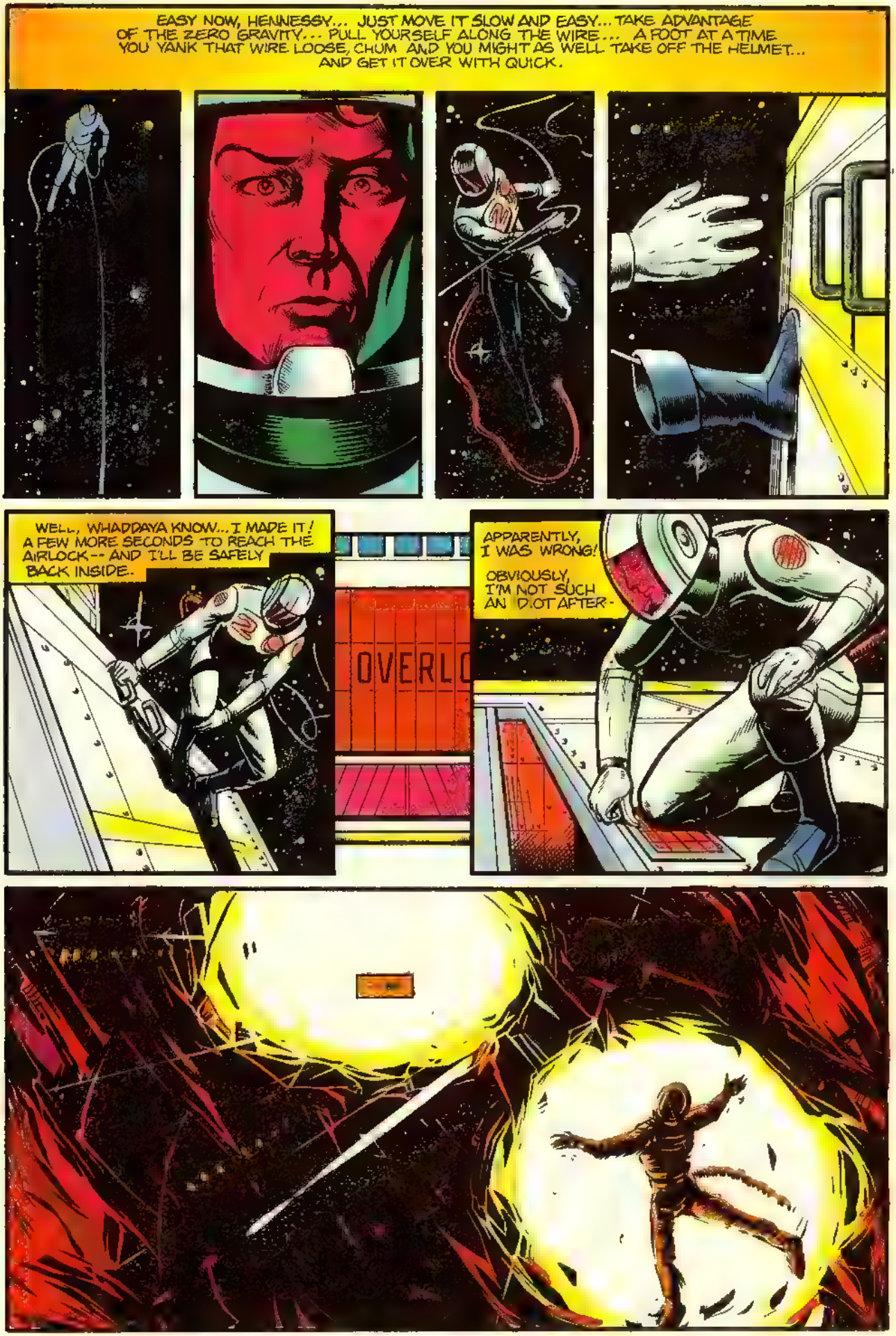
COMMUNICATOR WON'T DO ME ANY GOOD OUT HERE-- NOBODY LEFT IN THE SHIP TO HEAR ME. BUT IT'S WIRING CAN DO PLENTY...
...IF THERE'S ENOUGH OF IT.

HAVE TO TIGHTEN THE SUIT'S VAC-VALVE AT THE ANKLE. MAKE CERTAIN IT REMAINS AIRTIGHT.
EXPOSURE MAY LOSE ME THE FOOT-- BUT IT'S A DAMN SIGHT BETTER THAN LOSING MY LIFE!

HAVE TO BE CAREFUL-- I DO THIS WRONG, AND I'LL PROPEL MYSELF EVEN *FURTHER* FROM THE SHIP!
...BUT I DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER CHOICE.

JUST HAVE TO TAKE MY BEST SHOT
...HOPE THE BOOT'S MAGNETIC SOLE CONNECTS WITH THE HULL OF THE SHIP.


...AND *HOLDS*


EASY NOW, HENNESSY... JUST MOVE IT SLOW AND EASY... TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE ZERO GRAVITY... PULL YOURSELF ALONG THE WIRE... A FOOT AT A TIME YOU YANK THAT WIRE LOOSE, CHUM AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL TAKE OFF THE HELMET... AND GET IT OVER WITH QUICK.
WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW... I MADE IT! A FEW MORE SECONDS TO REACH THE AIRLOCK -- AND I'LL BE SAFELY BACK INSIDE.
APPARENTLY, I WAS WRONG!
OBVIOUSLY, I'M NOT SUCH AN IDIOT AFTER -

WITH A BULLET!

TIM TRUMAN'S NEW BOOK IS *HOT!*

"... A good entertainment investment. Timothy Truman has already proven himself to be an outstanding artist, and with this series he may well develop his writing skills to the same degree of excellence. Give it a look."

—R. A. Jones **A.H. #81**

"... I like this book a lot more than Truman's major previous work. Maybe it's the fact that he's writing as well as drawing it... **[Scout]** begins to look like a winner. Orders went up between #3 and #4—always a good sign... it's an excellent book."

—Bud Plant, **New Comics Tip Sheet**

from ECLIPSE™

MY NAME IS GEORGE NADA. NADA IS THE SPANISH WORD FOR "NOTHING."
I WAS JUST THAT, A NOTHING, UNTIL THE NIGHT A STAGE HYPNOTIST TOLD ME TO AWAKEN.
GREAT
THEN I WAS SOMETHING.
I WAS AWAKE, REALLY AWAKE.
AND THAT'S WHEN I NOTICED, SPOTTED HERE AND THERE IN THE CROWD, THE NONHUMAN FACES THE FACES OF THE FASCINATORS!
EXIT
AS I LEFT THE THEATRE I SAW THINGS AS THEY REALLY WERE..
GOT A LIGHT, BUDDY?
The GREAT
SURE, I...
ROXY
THANKS, PAL.
1986 BILL WRAY

NOW THAT I WAS AWAKE, I KNEW THEY'D BEEN AMONG US ALL ALONG, HYPNOTIZING THE WHOLE HUMAN RACE. I UNDERSTOOD **EVERYTHING**, INCLUDING THE FACT THAT IF I WERE TO GIVE ANY OUTWARD SIGN, THE FASCINATORS WOULD INSTANTLY COMMAND ME TO RETURN TO MY FORMER STATE--AND I WOULD **OBEY!**

ECLIPSE COMICS PRESENTS:

NADA

WRITTEN BY: RAY NELSON

ART, COLOR BY: BILL WRAY

LETTERING: WORKMAN

WORK 8 HOURS
PLAY 8 HOURS
SLEEP 8 HOURS
MARRY AND REPRODUCE

I LIVED ALONE IN A SMALL APARTMENT.

UNPLUG THE TV..

I HEARD THE TVS IN OTHER APARTMENTS SAYING "OBEY THE GOVERNMENT" AND "WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS" IN A REEDY, CROAKING VOICE

RING

ONE OF THEM MIGHT SAY, "STAY TUNED TO THIS STATION."

HELLO?...

THIS IS YOUR CONTROLLER, POLICE CHIEF ROBINSON. TOMORROW AT 8:00AM YOUR HEART WILL **STOP!**

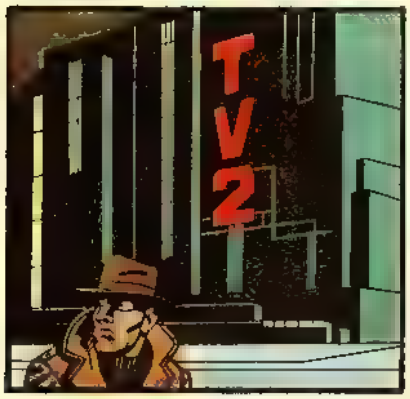
SOMEONE MUST HAVE NOTICED I DIDN'T RESPOND LIKE THE OTHERS IF I WERE ALIVE AT ONE MINUTE AFTER EIGHT, THEY'D KNOW FOR SURE... KNOW THAT I WAS AWAKE!
I WENT OUT AGAIN.
CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK
MOVE ON!
FOR A MOMENT, ITS FACE DISSOLVED AND CHANGED TO THAT OF A LOVEABLE OLD DRUNK. OF COURSE, HE'D BE LOVEABLE ..
I FELT MY GRASP ON AWARENESS WAVER SO I PICKED UP A BRICK ...
I SMASHED THE FACE TO A PULP!
WAM!
WAM!
WAM!
WAM!
I FIGURED I'D BETTER SEARCH THE BODY.
SOME KIND OF RADIO
OOWAK! OGOWUG! WIBBLE! WAK!
HOW CAN I FIGHT WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND ..? BUT IF I CAN AWAKEN OTHERS... EVEN ONE OTHER...

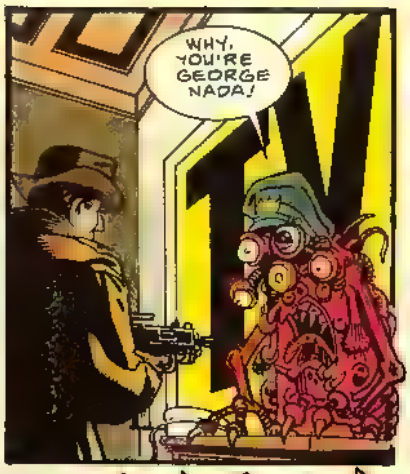
I WALKED TWELVE BLOCKS TO THE APARTMENT OF LIL, MY FIANCEE IF ANYONE WOULD BELEVE ME, SHE WOULD
COME IN, GEORGE.
I WANT YOU TO WAKE UP!
BUT I AM AWAKE ALREADY!
NO, I MEAN REALLY WAKE UP! THE MASTERS COMMAND YOU TO WAKE UP!
ARE YOU OFF YOUR ROCKER? YOU SURE ARE ACTING FUNNY!
SLAP!
THUD!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU UP TO?
THE SLAP DIDN'T WAKE HER UP, I WONDERED.
KNOCK KNOCK
??
LISTEN, NEIGHBOR... LET'S KEEP IT DOWN TO A DULL ROAR, Huh?
CHRIST!
THE MONSTER STARTED TO CHANGE NTO A FAT, MIDDLE-AGED MAN. BUT I GRABBED A KNFE FROM THE K,TCHENETTE..
NO!
4

SHE DIDN'T SEE THE DEAD FASCINATOR ON THE FLOOR. TO HER, IT WAS A HARMLESS OLD MAN. I HAD TO TIE AND GAG HER, BUT SHE WAS TOO SCARED TO RESIST. I WENT NEXT DOOR.
I'M LOOKING FOR YOUR ROOM-MATE.
HE WENT OUT FOR A SEC. WANNA WAIT?
YOU ALONE HERE?
YEAH. WHY?
I SLIT ITS THROAT FROM BEHIND, THEN SEARCHED THE PLACE.
THE KITCHEN.
THE NURSERY.
SMASH! MASH! STOMP! CRUNCH!
THE GUN ROOM!
I'LL TAKE ONE ALONG.
RELAX, HONEY I JUST WANT TO BORROW YOUR CAR KEYS.
MMMMFF!!
5

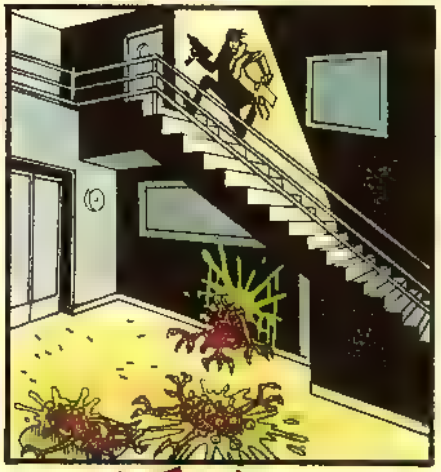
I DROVE FOR HOURS, DESPERATELY SEARCHING FOR SOME WAY OUT I TURNED ON THE RADIO
DOUBLE HOMICIDE IN DOWNTOWN APARTMENT..
...KILLER IDENTIFIED AS GEORGE NADA--
--ARMED AND DANGEROUS!
THE ANNOUNCER IS A FASCINATOR, BUT HE SOUNDS SCARED. SCARED OF ME? WHAT CAN ONE MAN DO AGAINST ALL OF THEM?
Oh oh! A ROAD BLOCK!
I TURNED OF ON A SIDE STREET AND DITCHED THE CAR.
TROPICAL COCKTAILS
WHAT'LL YA HAVE, PAL?
VODKA
WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS. WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS.
AND THEN I HAD IT!
YOU GOT A PHONE HERE, BARTENDER?
THIS IS GEORGE NADA. CHIEF, I'VE FIGURED OUT HOW TO WAKE PEOPLE UP.
WHAT? GEORGE, HANG ON! WHERE ARE YOU? HELLO? HELLO? DON'T HANG UP!
6

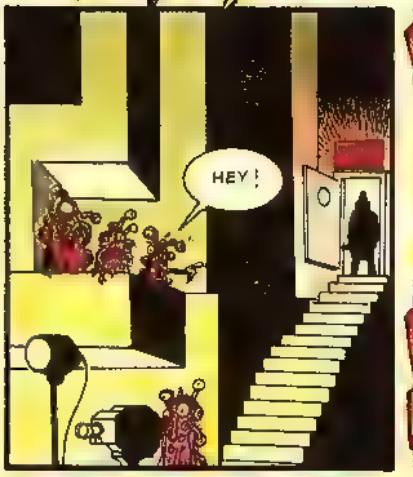
I DID HANG UP, THEN LEFT THE BAR. THEY WOULD PROBABLY TRACE THE CALL. I TOOK THE SUBWAY. TO THE TV STATION.

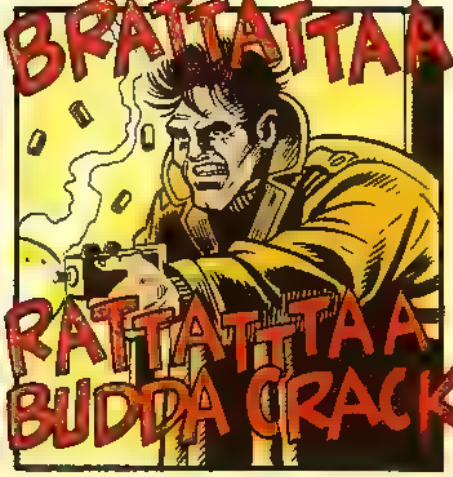




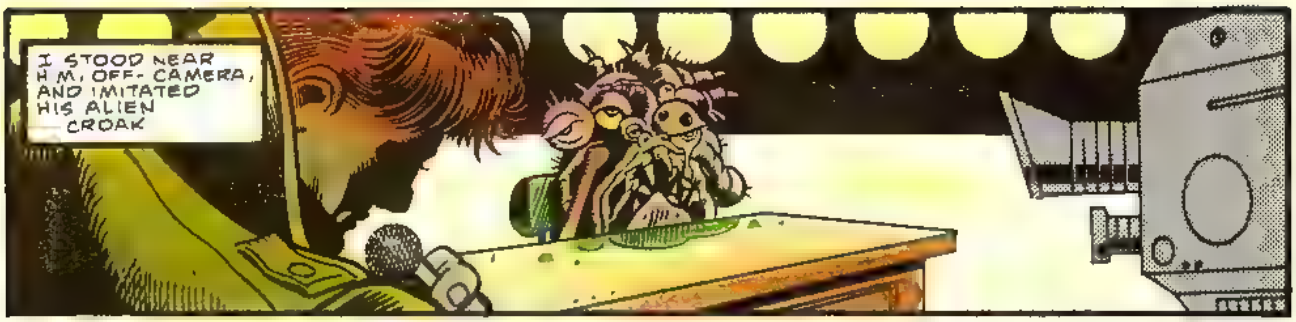
I HEARD POLICE SIRENS OUTSIDE, AND EXCITED SHOUTS, RUNNING FOOTSTEPS BEHIND ME.

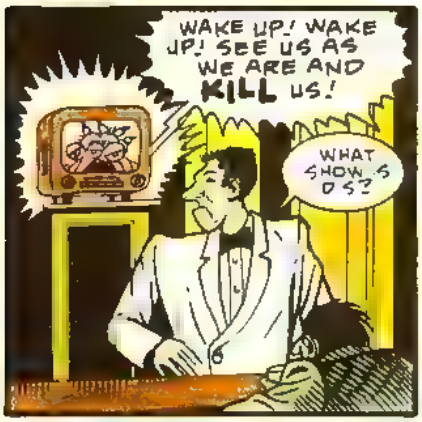


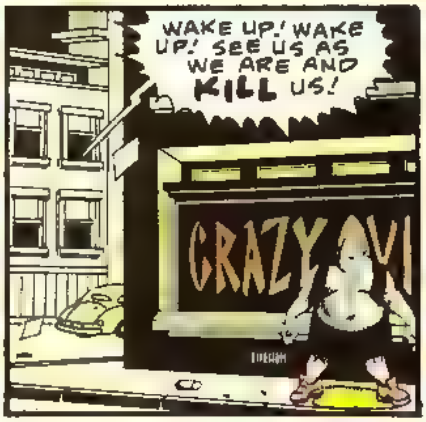


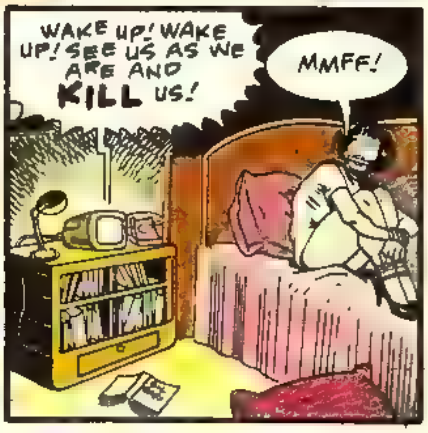


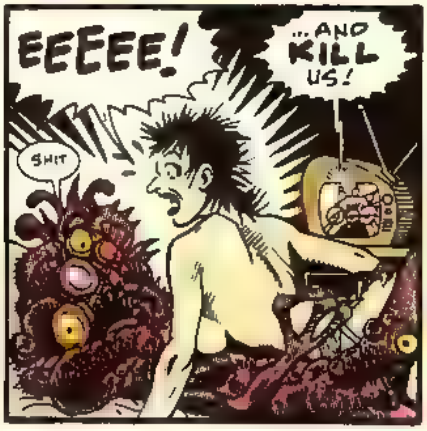
THE ANNOUNCER STOPPED IN MID-SENTENCE AND SAT THERE, DEAD.







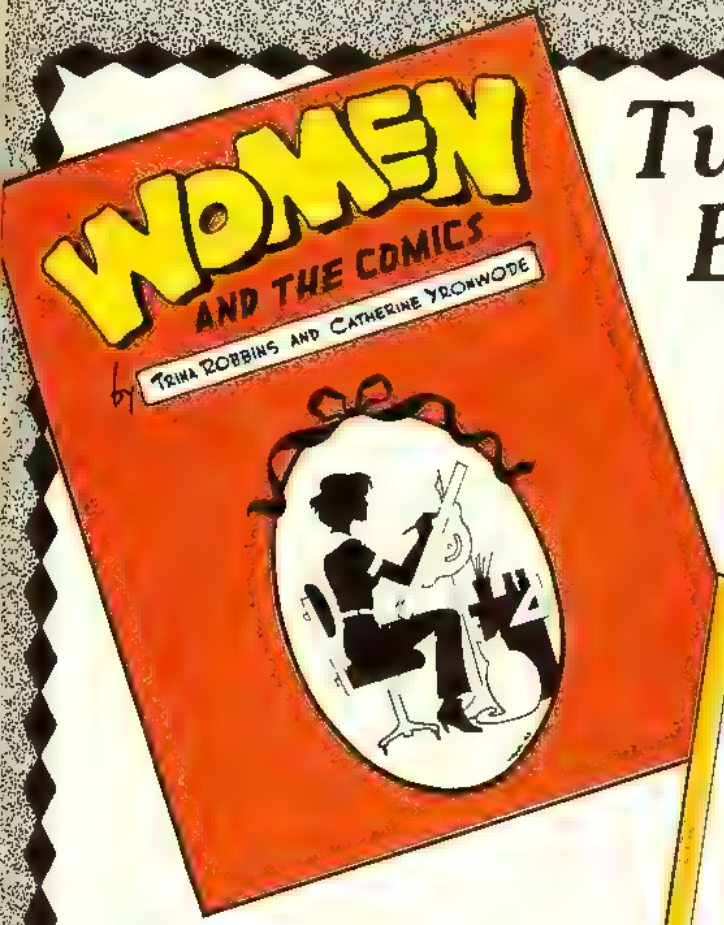


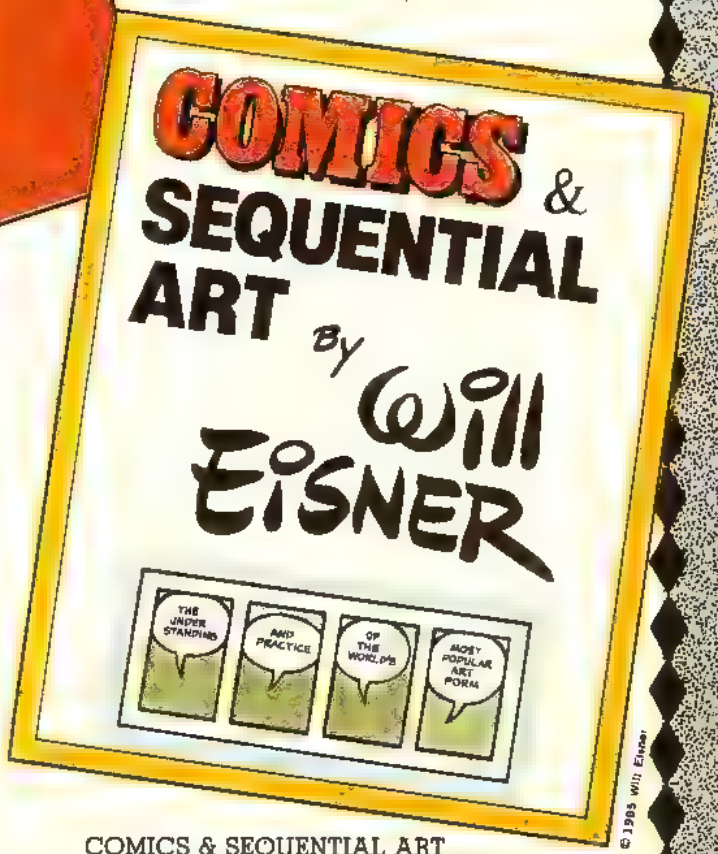


THE CITY HEARD MY VOICE, BUT SAW THE FASCINATOR'S IMAGE, AND THE CITY DID AWAKE, AND THE WAR BEGAN... BUT I DID NOT LIVE TO SEE THE VICTORY THAT FINALLY CAME.

END

Two Great Books from Eclipse





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Cartoonist Trina Robbins and comic book editor Catherine Yronwode have researched and written the first book about women's contributions to the uniquely American art form of comics. A chronological survey from the turn of the century to the present. WOMEN AND THE COMICS is profusely illustrated with examples from the cartoon art of Rose O'Neil *(The Kewpies)*, Grace Drayton *(Campbell Soup Kids)*, Dale Messick *(Brenda Starr)*, Marge Henderson Buell *(Little Lulu)*, Neysa McMein, and many, many more.

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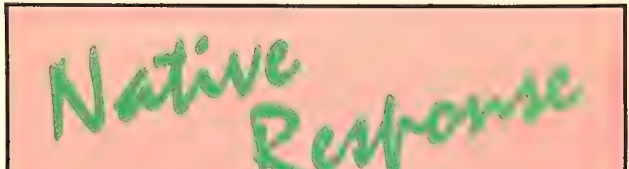


ECLIPSE COMICS • P.O.BOX 199 • GUERNEVILLE, CALIFORNIA 95446

Dear Ms. Yronwode:

As I read issue #5 of your magazine, I found myself wondering just how long it would be before the forces of inertia and tastelessness drive it from the scene. It seems that every book I truly like is fated for rapid death, and it's beginning to give me a complex.

Alien Encounters is one of the best titles of its sort being published today, damn the $1.75 price tag. It is a bit uneven, sure—but it's better to aim and miss than never to aim at all. As I said in the first paragraph, though, my appreciation of a book seems to ring the death knell. Should I offer my services for a fee? I won't like a book, won't read it, and maybe it will hang around. Or maybe I should force myself to become a mutie-groupie and see if I can't bring the other folks to their knees.

I liked "Casa Blanco" and "Another Man's Shoes" very much. Dorman's story brought to mind the word, "Tasty." And the last two panels of Burgard's tale brought a tender, loving, nasty "Heh-heh!" to my lips.

Please hang around. The covers alone are worth the price tag!

Thanks for your time,
Tom Ashworth
Box 13193
Richmond VA 23225

This guy says our covers alone are worth the price tag! What a great guy! I love him! Please return the unused portion of your magazine, Tom. What a doll!

* * * *

Eclipse,

Man, you guys have got some comics! Look at 'em, *Scout, DNAgents, Alien Encounters, Miracleman, Laser Eraser & Pressbutton*, WOW! You've got a great line-up!

Joja Duke
2180 Trares Road
Moladore OH

Thanks for the quick note, Joja. But be sure not to miss out on Alien Encounters' companion book, Tales of Terror, on sale next month! It contains many of the same outstanding writers and artists we use on this book.

* * * *

Dear Cat,

Alien Encounters #3 was the first issue of this title that I bought, shelling out my $4.75 (the New Zealand price) mainly because it contains work by some of *Warrior* magazine's ex-creators.

And what did I think of it? Well, let's go about this in the right order . . .

Mick Austin's cover was a fine piece of painting. Exquisitely executed and superbly rendered, although I couldn't argue with anyone who accused it of being sexist.

James Brock's "The Heroine" suffers from the same problem as well as a lack of plot. But the art is very high in standard although it's not a style I'm all that endeared to. All in all, a shallow, predictable story which didn't exactly excite me.

Buzz Dixon's story "Mother Knows Best" was one of the best of his I've read. Quite funny, and I liked the twist at the end. Larry Elmore's art was okay.

"Claustrohobia" was good. Isn't it peculiar how *[censored censored]* seems to write best as Pedro Henry? This was his best outside of *Pressbutton* and I wonder whether any sequels are planned. "Claustrophobia" a society worth exploring. Jim Baikie's art turned out to be the best in the issue and I hope to see more of his stuff at Eclipse.

Paul Alexander (who I believe was also one of *Warrior*'s finds) provided the wittiest story of the issue, and his sharp script was ably complimented by Attilio Micheluzzi's quirky art. I hope to see more of Paul's writing in the future. (Perhaps even Grimsdyke, Dean?)

Overall, a pretty good issue, and with Tim Conrad and Tim Truman planned for #4, I may just be tempted to invest in that, too.

Yours,
Stephen Jewell
9 Laingfield Tce
Laingholm Auckland 7
New Zealand

This guy pays $4.75 for an issue of Alien Encounters, and he'll do it again! He should be President!

* * * *

Dear Cat,

I've kept up with *Alien Encounters* since the title moved to Eclipse, and while I thought the book wandered along the roads of mediocrity (or at least inconsistency) for a while, I've thoroughly enjoyed issues 4 & 5, which I picked up on arrival during a short stay in the U.S. The covers, as always, were great, and I know John Bolton will be doing some more for you, so there's no need to complain on that count. The interior artwork has shown a variety of styles, and while you obviously can't please all of the people all of the time, the blend in the latest issue worked very well. They were also some of the best written stories to date (although the "Wish Upon a Jewel" story was very like one in the old *Alien Worlds* book). I was even able to look past Corben's obsession with humongous breasts to read "Night of the Monkey." There's a problem with 8-page stories in fitting the introduction, middle, and twist ending into so short a space. But issue 5 did it well, although I didn't figure out the plot in the beautifully drawn "Casa Blanco" tale. I'm very pleased you'll be publishing some more of Bruce Jones's work; it'd be great to see him get back into comics full time, although I guess he's been burned by the collapse of Pacific.

Cat, your editorial page always makes interesting reading. You like to write, and I'm glad you're taking this opportunity to do so. I agree with your comments on sexism, in reply to Paula Woode's letter, whose point of view I have some sympathy with. It must be true that the covers by Austin and Dorman help attract your largely heterosexual male readership. But you rightly point out that artists find it easier to draw a subject they themselves think of as attractive. I take a lot of photographs, and I certainly find it easier to take a good photo of a woman than of a man, because I know what makes a woman look attractive to me. But I admit total ignorance as to the same in a man, unless he is strikingly beautiful. Maybe you should ask John Bolton for some covers modeled on some nice men, or commission one from Trina or Judith Hunt.

Best wishes,
Malcolm Bourne
87 Greenfield Gardens
London NW2 1HU
England

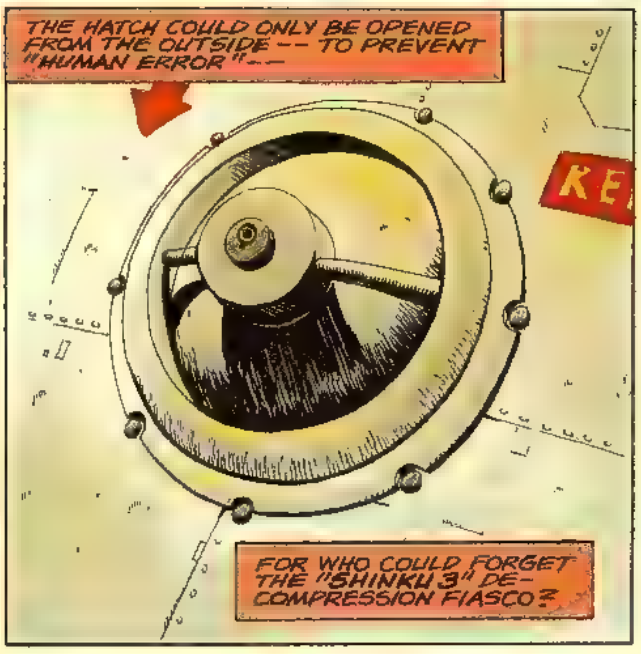
This guy came all the way from England to buy an issue! He's the greatest of all! I'm going to move into your house, Malcolm. I've decided to live with you forever.

—Beppe Sabatini, boy lettercolumn assembler

NEXT ISSUE: A Bruce Jones double-header, with Chuck Beckum's "Picture Me and You" from a Corey Wolfe cover, and Bo Hampton's "Under Tartuka." Plus a piece of Rick Geary strangeness called "It Happened This Morning" and a terror-tale about copyrights . . . and morality entitled "So You Want to Be in Pictures" by the team of Doug Wheeler and Richard Howell.

THE "SUGOI 1" WAS THE ULTIMATE IN RELIABILITY ENGINEERING.
FOR WANT OF A NAIL...
THE PUBLIC HAD INSISTED ON NOTHING LESS, AFTER THE PREVIOUS STRING OF EMBARRASSING AND TRAGIC FAILURES.
CREDITS:
ART BY KEN MACKLIN
STORY BY TOREN SMITH AND JAMES P. HOGAN
COLORING BY STEVE OLIFF
LETTERING BY BILL PEARSON

THIS TIME THERE WOULD BE NO MISTAKES.
PARTS
PARTS
FOOD
FOOD
1 36-2A-08 INTERFACE (NON-ABING)
3 SETS TVS CONTACTS
1 SERVING GUOB
ALL THE SPARE PARTS, FOOD AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES WERE SEALED INTO ASEPTIC, RADIATION-SHIELDED "SUPERPLASTIC™" CYLINDERS, TO AVOID A REPEAT OF THE "KUSARU 7'S" SPOILAGE DISASTER.


THE HATCH COULD ONLY BE OPENED FROM THE OUTSIDE -- TO PREVENT "HUMAN ERROR"--
FOR WHO COULD FORGET THE "SHINKU 3" DE-COMPRESSION FIASCO?

ENGINEERS DISPLAYED THE FLAWLESS FAIL-SAFE CONTROLS TO BOGGLED REPORTERS...
SCIENTISTS POSED PROUDLY BESIDE THE QUINTUPLY-REDUNDANT NAVIGATION COMPUTERS...
...AND THE ADORING PUBLIC ROARED THEIR APPROVAL OF THE MARVEL OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY.
OXYGEN
SO IT WAS WITHOUT A QUALM THAT MAJOR RAKKAN ALLOWED HIMSELF TO BE SEALED INTO THE "SUGOI-1".
THE LAUNCH WAS ALMOST ANTICLIMACTIC...
AFTER ALL, THERE WAS NO RIDICULOUS SURPLUS OF FUEL TO EXPLODE, AS HAD OCCURED WITH THE ILL-FATED "HARETSU 9".
BUT, ASTONISHINGLY, EVEN BEFORE THE FIRST DAY WAS OUT, THE PROBLEM THAT WAS TO GALVANIZE THE WORLD HAD REARED ITS HEAD.
WHAT?!
MISSION SUPERVISOR
2

ENGINEERS AND BIOLOGISTS THE WORLD OVER EXAMINED THE SHIPS BLUEPRINTS, LOOKING FOR A SOLUTION...

SUGOI 1 FAIL SAFE SYSTEM 32

...BUT TO NO AVAIL.

"BRING HIM BACK EARLY!"

SPACE CENTER

...SCREAMED THE OUTRAGED POPULACE.

BUT DEJECTED ASTROPHYSICISTS SHOWED THEM WHY IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO ALTER THE "SUGOI-1'S" PERFECT "HOHMANN" ORBIT, EVEN IF THEY USED ALL THE FUEL RESERVES...

=FORGET IT!

WITHIN A FEW WEEKS, ONLY A STRONG MAN COULD LISTEN TO MAJOR RAKKAN'S TRANSMISSIONS...

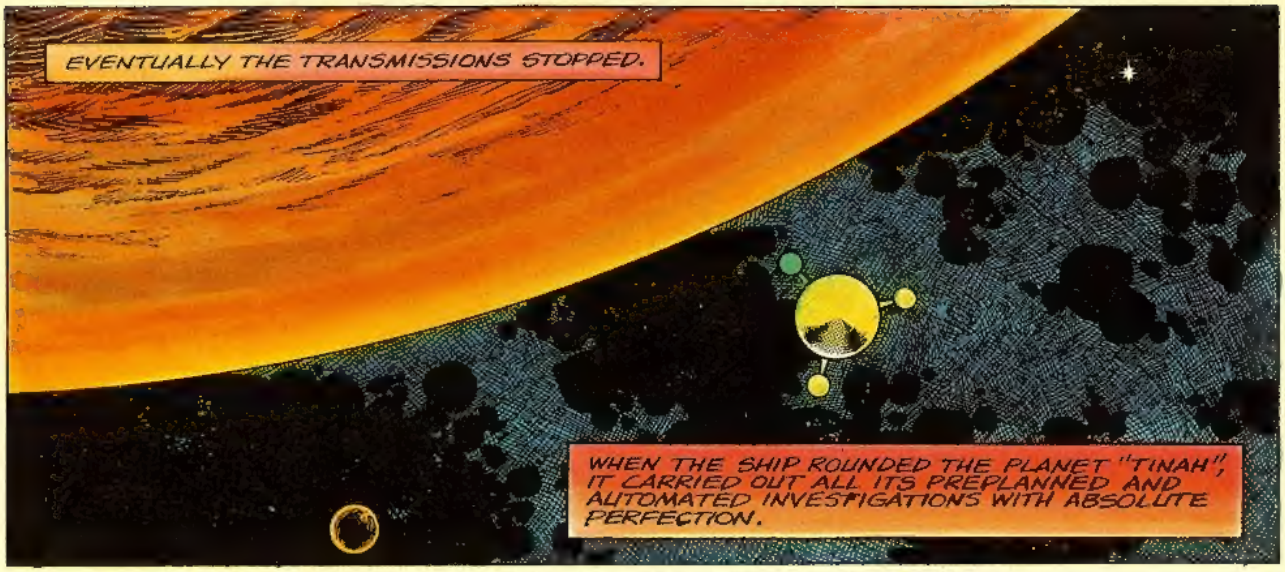
SUGOI

PLEASE, *PLEASE!* CAN'T I BLOW THE HATCH, AND AT LEAST MAKE IT *QUICK?!*

...BUT THE FAIL-SAFES COULD NOT BE BYPASSED.

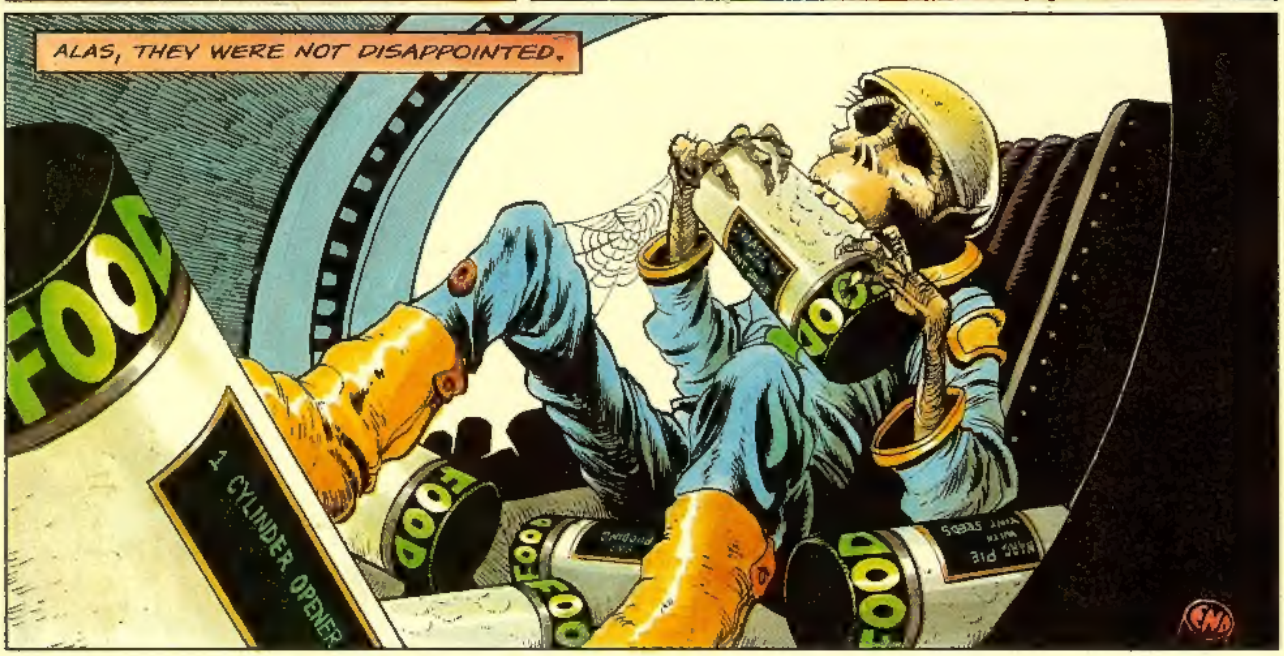
HOW ABOUT SHUTTING DOWN THE OXYGEN PLANT? MAYBE?

...NOT A CHANCE, WITH SEVEN BACK-UPS JUST WAITING TO TAKE OVER.


EVENTUALLY THE TRANSMISSIONS STOPPED.
WHEN THE SHIP ROUNDED THE PLANET "TINAH", IT CARRIED OUT ALL ITS PREPLANNED AND AUTOMATED INVESTIGATIONS WITH ABSOLUTE PERFECTION.

ON THE WAY HOME, THE COMPUTERS SEEMED ALMOST CHEERFUL. AFTER ALL, THERE HAD NOT BEEN A SINGLE INORGANIC SYSTEMS FAILURE!

DESPITE THE JUSTIFIABLE MORAL INDIGNATION OF THE GENERAL PUBLIC, THE MORE GHOULISH OF THE VIDEO-TABLOIDS HAD PULLED LEGAL STRINGS AND GOTTEN THEIR CAMERA CREWS ON BOARD THE PICK-UP CARRIER.
MORBID INQUIRER
TASTELESS TELEVISION
PRESS


ALAS, THEY WERE NOT DISAPPOINTED.
1 CYLINDER OPENER
FOOD

Back Issues

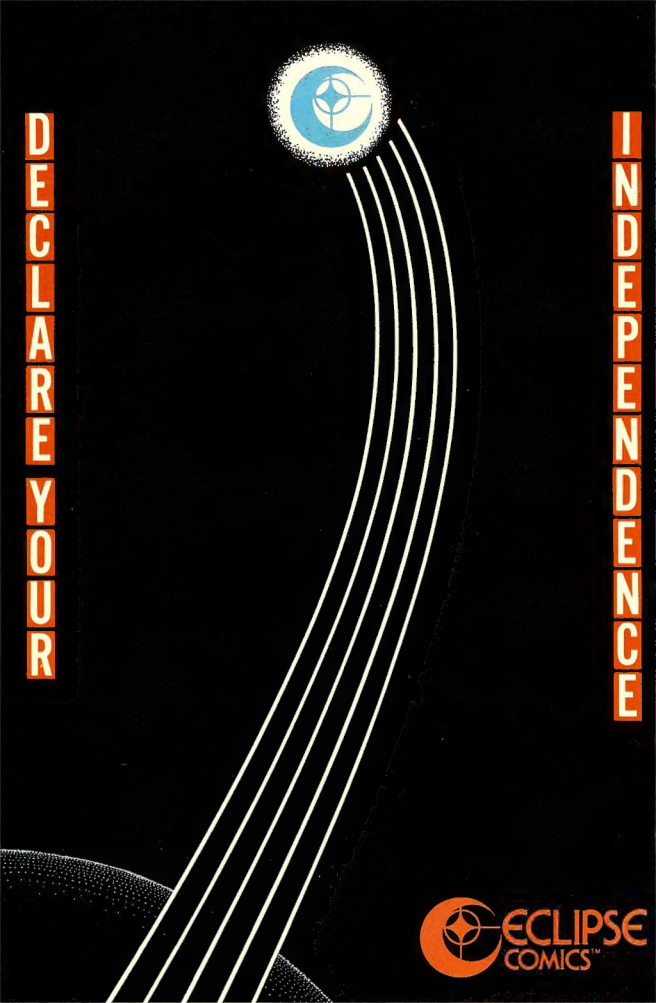
Dear Loyal Customer,

Due to recent severe flooding in Guerneville, our home town, most of our stock of back issues has been destroyed.

We are currently conducting an inventory of those books which remain, and will be securing additional copies to offer you.

Watch this space for our updated list of available Eclipse Comics.

—The Eclipse Staff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